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THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. II.

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT.

BY CHARLES SELBY.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS; CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK:

WILLIAM TAYLOR & CO., No. 2 ASTOR HOUSE,

AND JARVIS' BUILDINGS, BALTIMORE;

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BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

"Come along, come along!—no nonsense, or I'll send for the stretcher."

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

This little burletta has been some four or five years before the public, and seems to retain all its original popularity. It is from the pen of Mr. Selby, the author of the English "Robert Macaire" and other pieces of merit. The part of the "deaf boots," *Jacob*, was written for Keeley; and he is said to have made it inimitably amusing. At the New York Olympic Theatre, Mr. Mitchell sustains the part with all that rich comic unction for which he is celebrated. The other parts are also well impersonated at this flourishing establishment. *Frank Friskly* is quite an amusing personage of the Young Rapid species; and though there is a liberal dash of extravagance in this and all the other characters, they have sufficient verisimilitude to engage the attention and keep the risible faculties in constant exercise.

Although not remarkable for its originality, this piece promises to retain its place among the stock afterpieces of the stage, from the pervading vivacity and bustle which mark its construction. It is full of action—not of that action which necessarily implies external incident and motion, but the action which developes itself in amusing surprises of phraseology, odd phases of character, a constant ebb and flow of motives and counter-motives, all ending in a denouement which is strictly in keeping with the humorous tenor of the whole piece.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Strand Theatre, 1842.	*Mitchell's*, 1847.	*Park*, 1846.
Mr. Henry Higgins,	Mr. H. Butler.	Mr. Sutherland.	Mr. Clarke.
Frank Friskly	" J. S. Balls.	" Dyott.	" Walcott.
Peter Pippin	" Collier.	" A. Andrews.	Miss Clarke.
Jacob Earwig.....	" Keeley.	" Bass.	Mr. Mitchell.
Miss Moonshine....	Miss Ellen Daly.	Mrs. Vernon.	Mrs. Watts.
Emily Moonshine...	Miss Hicks.	Miss Kate Horn.	Miss Taylor.
Sally Smith	Mrs. Melville.	Mrs. Dyott.	Mrs. Timm.
Betty Jenkins	Miss J. Scott.	Mrs. Burrows.	

COSTUMES.

HIGGINS.—Brown frock coat, fancy waistcoat, and drab trousers.

FRISKLY.—White trousers, black frock coat, satin waistcoat, whiskers and moustache.

JACOB.—Groom's long canvas jacket, very full breeches to correspond, unbuttoned at the knee, red wig, fur cap, red neckerchief, white stockings, and high-lows.

PIPPIN.—Page's livery.

MISS MOONSHINE.—White muslin morning dress, with hair in long ringlets.

SALLY.—Chintz dress and black apron.

BETTY.—Cook's modern dress of blue gown, large cap, &c.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*; L. C., *Left of Centre*.

N.B. Passages marked with Inverted Commas, *are usually omitted in the representation.*

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.

ACT I.

Scene I.—*An Inn—Front Scene.*

Mr. Higgins *discovered smoking a segar.*

Hig. Another dull day. St. Swithin seems determined to make the most of his reign; this is, without exception, the dullest house I've had the misfortune to put up at. The bar maid's in love, the waiter's of a serious turn, and the Boots is deaf and stupid. If I am compelled to remain here much longer, I shall certainly commit suicide. [*Knock.*] Come in—of all the dreary dungeons—[*Knock.*] why the devil don't you come in? [*Knock.*] Zounds! oh, it's the deaf Boots, I suppose; I may say come in until dooms-day, he'll never hear me. [*Opens door.*] Come in.

Enter Jacob Earwig, l.

Well, sir?

Jac. [*Taking off his cap.*] Sarvant, sur.

Hig. Well, what do you want?

Jac. Yes, sur.

Hig. What's the matter? what do you want?

Jac. A young ooman, sir!

Hig. What?

Jac. Yes, sur, comed with a letter for you.

Hig. Send her up.

Jac. I don't know, I'm sure, sur, I didn't ask her; she called it a little Billy, ha! ha! What rum names they ha' gotten for things now, ha! ha! "Does Mr. Piggins put up here?" says she. "Yes, my dear," says I. "Are he at home?" says she. "I believe he are," says I. "I've

gotten summut for him," says she. "What are it?" says I. "A little Billy," says she. "You don't say so," says I. "Yes I does," says she, Where is it?" says I. "In my pocket," says she. "The devil he are," says I, "he must be a werry little un, then." "The reg'lar size," says she, "three-cornered." "Three-cornered," says I, "I never heard of such a thing." "It's impossible, are it?" says she—"look"—so she pulled out a bit of a letter, done up like a coachman's cocked-up hat, and flourishes it afore my eyes. "Do you call that a little Billy?" says I. "I should think so," says she. "What a himposition," says I; "I thought you meant what the mounseers call *Petit Hongfong*, a little boy called William." "He! he!" says she, "you're a fule!" "Ha! ha!" says I, "you're another." I never seed a respectable young lady laugh so in all my born days.

Hig. Well, show her up.

Jac. Yes, she's 'nation pretty, but to think of calling a letter a Billy, ha! ha! ha!

Hig. [*Bawling.*] Send her up!

Jac. [*Gives a dirty note.*] There it are: she aynt a waiting, 'cos there's no answer.

Hig. [*Snatching note.*] Leave the room, you blockhead!

Jac. Yes, I know I dirtied it: there wur a hole in my pocket, and it slipped through, but I've wiped off all the mud.

Hig. [*Bawling and points to door.*] Will you leave the room?

Jac. Eh! Oh, yes, sir.—[*Aside.*] He's as surly as our Beadle when he's called in to act perfessionally. [*Exit*, L.

Hig. 'Tis from Emily. Now to know my fate. [*Opens note and reads.*] "*Dearest Henry, my sister has commanded me never to see you again; your unfortunate name is the cause of her cruel determination; you know how entirely dependant I am upon her for my fortune—find some means of overcoming her prejudices, or I never can be yours—Emily.*" Distraction! am I to lose her for so trivial—[*Knock,*] there's my deaf tormentor again. [*Opens door.*] Come in.

Enter Jacob, L.

Jac. Gentleman wants you, sur; shall I show him up?

Hig. [*Nodding.*] Yes.

Jac. [*Going.*] Very well, sur.

Hig. Stay, stay!

Jac. Send him up directly, sur. [*Going.*

Hig. [*Bringing him back.*] Stay! what's the gentleman's name?

Jac. Frock coat and bucks, whiskers and starshers—quite a swell.

Hig. [*Bawling.*] No, no!—what's his name?

Jac. No, no, he aynt lame leastways—I don't think he are.

Hig. Well, well, send him up.

Jac. Yes, he's a rale gentleum, leastways, he's got all the pints of one—first, his boots is thin, with slap-up heels, and pinted toes, then his gloves is all right, and his tile aynt a four-and-ninepenny gossamer.

Hig. Will you go?

Jac. To be sure, I does, down as a hammer; when I wants to find out whether a chap's a rale gentleum, I looks at his boots, and I'm generally fly; but if so be I has my doubts, I looks at his gloves, and then I'm wide awake. Many sports Berlins, or perliseman's as I calls 'em; others come the artful dodge of jeans and washing Limericks—them does werry well for barbers' clerks and sich like; but the rale gentleum sports kid ones, not made out of sheepskins, but three-and-sixpenny straws or lavenders, them's the ticket, and there's no mistake about 'em; the small swell may come the tailor's toggery, but they aint got the taste to come the gentleum at the stremity of the toes and fingers.

Hig. This fellow will drive me mad. [*Bawls.*] Send the gentleman up.

Jac. Oh, I'm not to send him up, werry well, I know—

Hig. No, no—what am I to do with him? [*Brings him back—points off—then, on—shakes and nods his head.*

Jac. Oh! I'm awake—I'll not let him come up, 'pend upon it. [*Going.*

Hig. [*Brings him back.*] No, no.—[*Takes card from his pocket, writes on it with pencil, and gives it to Jacob.*] There, do you understand that? Send him up!

Jac. [*Taking card.*] Yes, sir, I'll give it him: now you've writ "you are out," he must believe you, in course, he must; 'pend on me, sir, I'll give it to him. [*Exit,* L.

Hig. Confound it, he can't read; I've no hope of making myself understood.

Frisk. [*Without*, L.] Hallo! hallo! what do you mean? at home and not at home! what's his number?—never mind, I'll find him.

Enter Friskly, L.

How are you, Higgins? glad to see you, old fellow—surprised at my visit, no doubt—just arrived from Bath—saw your card in the bar—asked for you—not at home—evasive answer—told to walk up, and here I am—looking devilish well—how's your uncle?—sisters quite well?—brother Tom—alive and merry, eh?—got any more pointers?—bay mare on her legs again? How's Sally Jenkins?—do much on the Leger?—what are you up to here?—poaching—sly dog—I know—pretty bar maid, take care—deep ones at the bar—well, and how are you?—snug room this—shaved off your moustachios—what time do you dine?

Hig. Upon my life, Friskly, you've asked me so many questions that I don't know which to answer first—but in brief—after your own style—I'm quite well—am surprised at your visit—my uncle is quite well—sisters ditto—Tom is alive and merry—I've no more pointers—bay mare *is* on her legs again—know nothing about Sally Jenkins—did nothing on the Leger—am here on business—barmaid is pretty—will take care—know they are deep ones at the bar.—This is a snug room—I have shaved off my moustachios, and I dine at six.

Frisk. Pshaw! damn quizzing; come to the point at once—if I am intruding, tell me so—don't stand upon ceremony. If you expect company, I'm off.

Hig. No, no; pray stay, 'twill be a charity—I'll order luncheon. [*Rings bell.*

Frisk. That's your sort—always hungry—eat anything, ham sandwich, cold turkey, down to mutton pies, eggs and bacon, bread and cheese—

Enter Jacob, L.

Jac. [*To Higgins.*] Ring, sur?

Hig. Yes.

Jac. Ring sur?

Hig. Yes!—Here's my deaf tormentor again, how shall

I make him understand. [*Crosses to him—bawls.*] Where's the waiter?

Jac. Bring you the paper—very well, sur. [*Going.*] Times, Chronicle, or 'Tizer?

Hig. [*Bawling.*] No, no—where's the waiter?

Jac. Oh, he be gone out for a holiday, and I'm to do for him till he comes back.

Hig. You'll do for me. [*Bawls.*] Bring me luncheon on a tray—cold meat and pickles.

Jac. Yes, it's a werry fine day, and he are gone to play skittles.

Hig. Bring us something to eat! [*Bawls.*

Jac. In course, he will be obligated to stand treat—I aint a-going to do his work for nuffin—no, no, I aint sich a fule.

Frisk. What the deuce is he talking about?

Hig. He's deaf, and mistakes every thing that's said to him.

Frisk. Deaf, is he? awkward thing, that, for a waiter—never mind, I'll make him understand—I say, thingamy,—what's your name—get us some—[*Making signs of cutting meat and bread, and eating.*

Jac. Yes, sur; you wants summut to eat—cold meat and pickles, in course—tankard of ale—yes, sur, directly, sur. [*Exit*, L.

Frisk. That's your sort! there, you see, he understands me in a moment. Never bawl to a deaf person—pantomime—sure to understand. I'm never at fault—up to everything—fell in with some dumb people once—every body at a loss—couldn't make them understand—recollected the method of the blind school—talked with my fingers—fly to me in an instant—kept up animated conversation, three hours—beautiful language—fingerage, I mean—[*Imitates speaking with fingers.*] A, E, I, O, U. Suppose you want to say, how do you do—[*Imitates.*] How's your mother?—[*Imitates.*] Splendid accomplishment—call it the Diggatary type—got half an hour to spare, I'll teach you.

Hig. No, no, some other time—so, you've just arrived from Bath—very gay there, I suppose.

Frisk. Wonderfully! myriads of pretty girls—no end of balls and parties—such dinners—nothing but—

Enter Jacob, *with luncheon*, L.

Jac. Cold beef and pickles, sur. [*Places them on table.*

Frisk. Ha! ha! ha! odd interruption—let us attack the luncheon. [*Sitting.*] Now I'll give you a slight idea of an appetite. [*Cutting meat.*] Well, Spooney, what are you waiting for?

Jac. Yes, sur—it's capital good, sir, well corned, not too much "Peter"—

Frisk. [*Points to door.*] Leave the room.

Jac. Yes, sur.—[*Aside.*] Mighty civil spoken gentleman that are; he don't bawl and holler as t'other chap.—[*Aloud.*] I'll go directly, sur. [*Exit*, L.

Frisk. Capital beef and excellent ale. You don't eat, Higgins: what's the matter with you? in love, I suppose; who is the happy object? [*Taking pickles.*] Them's the jockeys for me; pickled walnuts—what on earth can you be staying here for? the bread, if you please—you must have some motive—a glass of ale—thank you;—a love affair? five to one it is. I think there's verdigris in the pickles:—an elopement—eh? I'm not at all curious, but I should like to know.

Hig. Well, then, it is a love affair, of a very delicate and peculiar nature.

Frisk. [*Drawing his chair closer.*] Indeed! explain, my dear boy, explain. I adore delicate peculiarities—uncommonly tender beef—is she here? [*Winks and coughs.*

Hig. No—no! your vivid imagination runs away with you; I am waiting—

Frisk. I know, you sly dog—an opportunity to carry her off—lucky rascal—who is she? anybody I know—a friend's wife, eh?

Hig. No, no!

Frisk. Can't be a widow, no, no, widows never elope—let me see—can't guess—give it up—explain—turn on the gas—illuminate.

Hig. You must know, then, I am—

Frisk. In love, of course. Cut on—turn the corner—go a-head—don't be prosy—condense—come to the point—on this way. In love—beautiful creature—eighteen—sylph-like form—ethereal blue or black eyes—golden, raven, or chesnut hair—corkscrew ringlets, or Madonna

braids—complexion, fair as cygnet's down, or tinged with olive bloom—teeth of pearl—lips of roses—every feature more exquisitely perfect than ever sculptor wrought, limner painted, or poet fancied.

Hig. Well, then, the lady is in person—

Frisk. I know—perfect—that's enough—strike particulars—go on—go on.

Hig. Psha! I must tell you my story in my own way, or not at all.

Frisk. Well, well, take the bit—kick up—go along—mind the corners—bilk the gates.

Hig. In a few words, the young lady in question is all a lover could wish—lovely, animated, but her fortune is unluckily dependent on her elder sister.

Frisk. I see—a sort of Egyptian mummy—a tea drinking, snuffy old girl.

Hig. No, she's a romantic lady, whose head is turned by novels and romances, gleaned from the Minerva press.

Frisk. I see, an animated library of fiction; well.

Hig. She has refused to consent to my marriage with her sister, because—damn it, I'm ashamed to tell you.

Frisk. Don't be bashful—I won't laugh at you—fire away.

Hig. Well, then, 'tis because my name is Higgins; she won't allow her sister to disgrace her family by assuming so vulgar an appellation.

Frisk. Ha! ha! ha! that bangs Banagher; so you are thrown out—what do you mean to do? carry off the girl?

Hig. No; she has positively refused to be mine, without her sister's consent, and that is beyond hope.

Frisk. Romantic, you say?

Hig. Very!

Frisk. Credulous?

Hig. Remarkably!

Frisk. Fond of the marvellous!

Hig. Desperately!

Frisk. Would she shrink from a touch of the heroics?

Hig. I believe a captain of banditti would not be too strong for her susceptible imagination.

Frisk. No? leave me to manage her, and I'll bet you two to one, I'll bring you through the affair with flying colours.

Hig. Will you? I invest you with full power; gain me my dear Emily, and I'll say you are indeed a friend.

Frisk. Don't say another word, it's done. I must give myself a name—something terrible—smelling of murder and bloodshed; a name that will paralyze her nerves, a name that, like Rob Roy's, will make even the paving stones tremble. No, I have it: I'll be strikingly original and novel—I'll be a man without a name.

Hig. Well, but how?

Frisk. Not a word—you have promised to leave all to me. [*Rings bell.*] Remain here quietly until I send for you, then follow my instructions to the letter; I will so work on her sympathetics and her fears, that something must turn up to your advantage; and if, in serving you, I can extract some fun for myself, why, then, both purposes will be accomplished. [*Rings bell.*

Enter Jacob, l.

Jac. Want me, sur?

Frisk. My cab and tiger.

Jac. Bring you a mild segar—werry good—reel Hawana—capital, good—

Frisk. Oh, I forgot—come here. [*Pantomimes driving—a cockade and band round hat.*

Jac. Cab and tiger? call 'em up directly, sir.—[*Aside.*] Now that's what I call speaking plain English. I understand every word he says, 'cos it's good grammar. [*Exit,* l.

Frisk. Ha! ha! ha! I must publish my method of conversing with the deaf and stupid—obvious to the meanest capacity—soon supersedes all other methods.

Enter Jacob, l.

Jac. Cab's at the door, sir.

Frisk. That's right, my pippin—there's half a crown for you, thickhead.

Jac. Thank you, sur—you 're a rale gentleum; I thought so when I saw your boots, but now—[*Looks at money,*] I'm sure of it, you're an out-and-out patriot, number one sort. [*Goes up and puts tables and chairs off,* s. e.

Frisk. Flattering distinction. Good bye, Higgins, for the present. Stay: if I am a hero running away from justice, I shall want a pursuer; what think you of this thickheaded Boots? could he personate a policeman? I'll see

—I say, old fellow, [*Jacob comes down,*] can you keep a secret? [*Puts his finger to his lips, and shows a sovereign. Motions him to wait below.*

Jac. You'll give me that if I don't say anything?

Frisk. [*Nods.*] Yes.

Jac. I'll never speak again. [*Exit,* L.

Frisk. He's my man, if I can only make him understand what I would have him do. I'll give him a lesson in the Diggatary type. [*Friskly goes off with Higgins,* L.

SCENE II.—*A Drawing Room handsomely furnished—French windows opening on a lawn,* C.—*a large closet,* L. C. *of* F.—*Table,* C., *with long cover—Sofa—Chairs—Arm Chair by window. Door* R. U. E.

Enter PIPPIN, R., *on tip-toe, looking cautiously round.*

Pip. The key's in the closet, there's nobody looking. I've a great mind to have a spoonful of raspberry jam; it is so nice, and I'm so 'ticklarly partial to sweet things. Oh, I wish I was a young gentleman with plenty of money, wouldn't I have my pennyworth at the pastry cook's! [*Looking around.*] It's all right;—I'll venture. [*Opens closet, takes down a pot of jam, and eats.*] Oh, aint it golopshus?

Enter SALLY, R., *with a quantity of books and a piece of paper containing list of books.*

Sal. [*Speaking as she enters.*] Yes, ma'am, I'll send him directly. [*Sees Pippin.*] Eh?

[*Runs up to him and pulls him down by the ear.*

Pip. (L.) Oh, jemini! I'm cotched!

Sal. (R.) Oh, you little villain—so I've caught you eating the jam again. Pippin! Pippin! you're a very bad boy; I've a great mind to send for a policeman and have you transported—read the affecting story of Tommy and Harry, and see how bad boys are punished, and beware. The next time—mind the very next time you go to that closet again, you'll be found out—mark my words, and reform.

Pip. I will—but the jam is so nice, and I'm so 'ticklarly fond of it—

Sal. Silly boy, it's your duty to conquer your silly no-

tions. We are all of us fond of jam, of one sort or another, but it's the business of our lives to abstain from it. Now take these books to the libery, and tell Mr. Sammy that missus wants all that is written in this list.

[*Giving paper.*

Pip. Wot? all that's put down here? [*Running fingers down list.*] Why, I must have a porter to help me carry them. Jemini, isn't she fond of jam?

Sal. I must say, her thirst for knowledge is remarkable. Bye-the-bye, she says, you must tell Mr. Sammy that she has set her mind on having "The Last Man," but if that's not at home, she must have "The Maid's Husband," and if he hasn't got that, he must oblige her with the "Younger Son."

Pip. [*Going.*] Very well.

Sal. And tell Mr. Sammy, that there are three leaves torn out of the "Heads of the People," and the "Idler in Italy" is dreadfully dog-eared—and the "Confessions" aynt proper—and "Alice, or the Mysteries," is scribbled all over with pencil, and—

Pip. Oh, don't tell me any more, I shan't be able to remember one half you have told me already. [*Going.*] Let me see—She wants "The Last Man," "The Maid's Husband," "The Younger Son," "Alice, or the Miss Trees," scribbled all over with pencil.

Sal. Oh, you little fool, you'll make some mistake, I know; never mind, she must take her chance; and Pippin, give my compliments to Mr. Sammy, and tell him I want him to oblige me with a book; ask him to let me have "Tom Jones," and "Roderick Random," for I read in a newspaper the other day, that they are the foundation of all the modern novelty; so don't forget, now, and if you can't get them, bring "Tristram Shandy Gent.," and "Joseph Andrews," or "Sir Charles Grandison," or "Humphrey Clinker."

Pip. Very well, I won't forget—[*Going—Aside,*] and while I'm about it, I'll have "Jack Sheppard," and "Percival Keene," and "Mrs. Glass on Preserves," for myself.

[*Exit,* L.

Sal. Wery well—now that's settled, I'll go and tell Miss Emily that I have delivered her note. [*Knocks at door,* R. U. E.] Miss Emily! Miss Emily!

Enter EMILY, R.

Emi. Oh, Sally, have you seen Mr. Higgins?

Sal. No, miss, you didn't tell me to wait for an answer, so I thought it wasn't necessary to harrow up my feelings by an interview with the poor gentleman, for I know your letter would put him in a horrid state of despair, and I can't bear to see a gentleman in that precarious situation.

Emi. 'Tis certainly dreadful! what kind of temper is my sister in this morning?

Sal. Oh, excellent, miss; she has just finished the second act of her new tragedy, and she's in ecstasy about it—she has sent Pippin to the libery for another lot of novels and romances to make up the other three acts—and she's quite sure that she will produce a play that will beat Shakspeare all to shivers.

Emi. Strange infatuation! I wouldn't mind if she didn't allow her folly to run riot, and make all around her miserable.

Sal. Yes, miss; that's what I says to my sweetheart: "what's the use of learning, Tom," says I, "if it 'sorbs up all your natural affections, and makes you a visionary misanthrope?" "Ah, what, indeed," says he, making a quotation from the Pickwick Club, "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis foolish to be otherwise."

[*Miss Moonshine speaks outside*, R.] Die all—die nobly—die like demi-gods!

Sal. Here she comes, rehearsing her new tragedy—only listen to her, miss, you'll hear some extraordinary sayings.

Enter MISS MOONSHINE, R., *with a quantity of books under her arm—a MS. in one hand, and a pen in the other.*

Miss M. [*Reading.*] "*Let earthquakes rumble in the earth's deep centre—*
Let whirlwinds roar—torrents burst their bounds,
Volcanoes flash their sulphureous flames,
And all the fiery fiends in phrenzied fury—
Charming!
Co-mingle in one grand illimitable chaos."
That's pretty well, I think, for a mild description of a storm. Now, let me see—what can I make Count Charles, the Baron's friend, say to that? [*Sits*, R.

Sal. Now, she's sitting for her portrait in a composing attitude.

Miss M. As he is only feeder to the hero, I must make his speeches as brief as possible, just to give Baron Fitz Hacko time to take his breath—let me see—I'll make him say, "He shakes my soul!"—yes, that will do. [*Writing.*] If he could win the lady Emiline Matilda—let me see—"I'd have a palace"—[*Seeing Sally and Emily.*] Emily, what are you doing there? Sally, go to your work!

Sal. Yes, ma'am—[*Aside.*] She's a perfect grim griffinhoof. [*Exit Sally,* R.

Miss M. So, Miss Emily, you are still playing the victim—thinking of that man with the hideous name of Higgins—marry him, if you please, but remember, you'll never have a shilling of my money—[*Crosses to* R.]—but come, be a good girl, and forget the fellow—I'll find you a husband who will be worthy of you—whose noble name and ancient family will bring us honour.

Emi. Alas, madam, you speak as though happiness consisted only in noble names and ancient descents.

Miss M. Go to your room, miss: I'll listen to no more folly—you shall marry the person I choose for you, or you know the consequences—no reply—go. [*Exit Emily,* R. D. F.] Silly girl; I can't think who could have put such ridiculous notions in her head; why doesn't she take pattern by me, and love nothing but literature? How sweet it is to lose all consciousness of being alive—to fancy bowers of bliss—[*Looking through window.*] Ah! what do I see? a man, without his coat and hat, running across the lawn—poor fellow, he seems strangely agitated—good heavens! he approaches the window—he's coming in—

Enter Friskly, *in great alarm, without coat or hat, from window,* C.

Frisk. Beautiful lady! save me, save me, or I am lost!

Miss M. Good gracious! who are you?

Frisk. No matter; I throw myself upon your pity—I'm the most unfortunate of men. [*Kneels.*

Miss M. Rise, sir, rise.—[*Aside.*] This is the very thing—precisely the situation of Julia, in the Innocent Criminal—[*Aloud.*] What have you done?

Frisk. [*Pretending alarm.*] Oh, ask me not, I entreat you.

Miss M. What are you?

Frisk. Nothing!

Miss M. What is your condition?

Frisk. A gentleman!

Miss M. What brought you here?

Frisk. [*Shudders.*] Ah!

Miss M. [*Aside.*] He shakes my soul!—[*Aloud.*] Tell me, I conjure you—[*Friskly taking her mysteriously by the hand—pantomimes that he is a prisoner.*

Miss M. A prisoner!

Frisk. [*In a whisper.*] Hush! I am a convict escaped from the hulks.

Miss M. Oh, heavens!

Frisk. 'Tis even so.

Miss M. For what were you condemned?

Frisk. [*Groaning.*] Oh!

Miss M. Not mur—

Frisk. [*Seizing her arm.*] Der—I was—I was!

Miss M. [*Going.*] Wretch! monster!

Frisk. Stop! stop! I am innocent!

Miss M. [*Turning.*] Ah!

Frisk. Convicted on false evidence—the victim of circumstances—listen to my sad story.

Miss M. I will.

Frisk. [*Aside.*] Now for a twister—ahem!—[*Aloud.*] Once upon a time—no, no—I mean when I was a very little boy—I—

Miss M. Go on, sir; I'm all attention. [*They sit.*

Frisk. When I was a very little boy—ahem—[*Aside.*] there I stick.—[*Aloud.*] When I was a very little boy, about so high—when I was about so high, I—

Miss M. Yes, sir—I am tremblingly anxious.

Frisk. Ahem!—[*Aside.*] I'm afraid I shan't grow any higher—[*Aloud.*] I—[*Rapidly.*] I was stolen by gypsies—they stripped me—

Miss M. [*Hiding her face.*] Oh, sir—

Frisk. Don't be alarmed, madam—I was only a little boy, about so high—they stained my cheeks—

Miss M. With walnut juice, the wretches—

Frisk. I slept in a tent, and was fed upon boiled chickens.

Miss M. Is it possible? and boiled chickens—a new fact in gypsy statistics! [*Making a memorandum.*

Frisk. Yes, ma'am; hen-roosts robbed continually—ran away—went to sea—taken by a pirate—shot through the body—recovered—walked the plank—swam in the Atlantic ocean for fourteen days—lived on flying fish—saved—brought back to England—misery—starvation—prize in the lottery—all right—man of fashion—balls—parties—Crockford's—Newmarket—the Opera—Coal Hole—Cider Cellar—went to France—Palais Royale—Dejazet—Tousez—Tortoni's—Cafe des Avengles—wild man—Theatre Française—Talma—Mam'selle Mars—Rachel—Opera Comique—varieties—Gymnase—Leontine Fay—Bouffé—came home again—hard up—Wimbledon—duel—killed man—pulled Beak—old know-nothing—transportation—sent to the hulks—watched opportunity—jumped over palings—cut away—police in pursuit—your house—window open—beautiful lady—broke my chain—pity the misfortunes of a poor young man—

Miss M. [*Aside.*] Strange story—what a subject for a melo-drama!—[*Aloud.*] But who are you?

Frisk. Who am I?—[*Aside.*] That's a puzzler.—[*Aloud—Mysteriously.*] I am as much unknown to myself as I am to you.

Miss M. Ah!—[*Aside.*] how interestingly mysterious.

Frisk. My existence is enveloped in a cloud—some men are called Peter—some James, or Smith—Brown, or Thompson, or Hopkins; but I, alas, have no name whatever.

Miss M. Indeed! have you no recollections of your parents?

Frisk. None; it has been whispered that I never had any—that I was won in a raffle at the Art-Union.

Miss M. Wonderful! like the monster in Frankenstein—but surely you have some appellation?

Frisk. Yes, ma'am—I am the man without a name—when people speak to me, and wish for a reply, they call me Mister, or Thingamy—or what d'ye call 'em.

Miss M. [*Aside.*] Mysterious being—what a husband for Emily—

Jac. [*Without,* R.] This way—follow, follow!

Frisk. Ah, the blood-hounds are on the track—hide me, lady, hide me!—

Miss M. [*Pointing to door*, L. D. F.] Go in there, I will mislead them.

Frisk. Thanks! a thousand thanks! on my knees let me— [*Kneels.*

Miss M. No, no—another moment, and you are lost—away! away! [*Miss M. pushes him out*, L. U. E., *and sinks into a chair.*

Enter JACOB, *through window, disguised as a Policeman, with a black wig, and large red whiskers.*

Miss M. Oh, what a horrid wretch!

Jac. [*Flourishing his stick.*] I think I come the blue in a slap-up style. [*Imitating.*] Come, I say, move on there —none o'that—[*Aside.*] There's the missus, I must keep up my character.—[*Aloud.*] Step this way, if you please, ma'am.

Miss M. [*Advancing—Aside.*] I'm dreadfully afraid, but I must steel my nerves, for the sake of the poor fugitive.

Jac. [*Aside.*] Now, if I could only manage to hear what she says, I'm all right—[*Aloud.*] Are you the missus of this house?

Miss M. [*Assenting in action.*] Yes.

Jac. [*Aside.*] So far so well—[*Aloud.*] Now, look at me: I'm number eleventeen of the X Y Z division—you've got a man concealed in your house; where is he?

Miss M. [*Aside.*] If I betray him, he is lost.—[*Aloud.*] I don't know.

Jac. Eh? what, you've let him go? werry well, ma'am, werry well. [*Walks about in a passion, and flourishes stick.*] You've got yourself into a precious scrape—[*Aside.*] It's astonishing how well I hear everything.

Miss M. [*Surprised.*] What does he mean? does he misunderstand me?—I assure you, sir—

Jac. I won't hear a word. [*Noise in closet.*

Miss M. [*Aside.*] Ah! he will be discovered.

Jac. [*Taking chair*, R.] I'm deaf to everything, ma'am. [*Noise.*

Miss M. [*Aside.*] I understand—he pretends not to hear —he wants a bribe.

Jac. Well, what are you humming and hawing about? I'm an old hand, come to the point at once.

Miss M. [*Gives him money.*] There, my good man—there—[*Friskly looks out, and in extravagant action expresses gratitude. Miss M. tries to keep him back.*

Jac. [*Putting money in his pocket.*] Thank you, marm; you haven't seen nothing of the gentleum? of course, you haint---sorry I have troubled you. Good morning. marm.— [*Going.*

Miss M. Propitious fate!---good morning, my dear friend, good morning. [*Bows him out,* R., *then turns to Friskly, who enters from door* L., *and kneels.*

Frisk. Beautiful, compassionate being—the devotion of my life will never—

Enter JACOB, R.

Jac. I forgot to say—

Miss M. Oh, Heavens, he's taken! [*She tries to hide Friskly by holding her apron before him. Friskly motions Jacob to advance and seize him.*

Jac. [*Aside.*] I'm awake—[*Aloud.*] Ha! ha! you're there arter all, are you. [*Scizes him.*] Come along—no nonsense, or I'll send for the stretcher—sorry I can't oblige you, marm, but he must go—[*Aside to Friskly.*] Is'nt that the ticket?

Frisk. [*Aside.*] No, no: be quiet—[*Aloud.*] My doom, then, is sealed. [*Taks her hand, and speaks pathetically.*] Farewell green fields, and trees, and haymaking—farewell the rippling streams—farewell the balmy air—farewell sun, moon, and stars—farewell every thing—I'm pickled.

Jac. [*Aside to Frisk., and flourishing stick.*] Let me hit you over the head once to make it appear real—it would be so natural—the blues always do it.

Miss M. Poor young man! how adversity elevates our language. How elegantly he paints his despair!

Frisk. Ere I quit forever this gay and festive scene—these halls of dazzling light—permit me, good friend, to say one word in private to my benefactress. [*Waves his hand to Jacob, who takes a step back, like a soldier—Friskly speaks to Miss M. in a hurried whisper.*] Resplendent stranger!—guardian angel of Peru!—a thought has flashed through my brain that may save me.

Miss M. Oh, heavens!

Frisk. Repress all emotion—weather warm—officer

thirsty—bottle of Sherry—intoxicated—go to sleep—escape—love—life—liberty—you understand?

Miss M. Perfectly—I—

Frisk. Hush, he's watching us. I feel the influence of his gimlet eyes—assume an air of innocence, and propose the Sherry.

Miss M. I will. Oh, hardness to dissemble. [*Crosses to* L.] What fearful trials heroines are obliged to go through. [*Takes out a pocket handkerchief, assumes the air and tone of a heroine in a melo-drama, and takes Friskly's hand.*] Farewell—[*To Jacob.*] Treat him kindly, sir, for he is very genteelly connected—farewell—stay—the day is hot—you need some refreshment—allow me to offer you a glass of Sherry.

Jac. Eh?—[*Aside.*] Now, I am floored.—[*To Friskly.*] What did she say? [*Friskly pantomimes drinking.*] Oh, that's it—[*Aloud.*] Oh, certainly, marm, with all my heart.

Miss M. Oblige me by taking a chair; the wine's at hand, I will not detain you an instant. [*Jacob sits on one side of the table, and Friskly on the other—Miss M. goes to closet for wine.*

Jac. [*Aside to Friskly.*] What be I to do now? [*Friskly pantomimes to him to drink and pretend to get drunk.*] All right—I'm awake—that's your sort—

[*Miss M. returns with wine and glasses.*

Miss M. [*Pouring out wine at back of table.*] Permit me to assist you.—[*Aside.*] Horrible wretch!

Jac. Thank you, marm, my service to you. (*Drinks.*) capital good, this ere, marm; sorry for the gentleum, but must do my duty. Thank you, marm, [*Taking glass,*] it's uncommon good.—[*Drinks.—Aside.*] I should like to be a policeman every day in the week, if these are the perkisites. [*Drinks.*] Uncommon pretty tipple—

Miss M. I'm glad you like it—take another glass.

Jac. You'll make me drunk, marm. [*Miss M. holds back the bottle.*] Never mind, I'll risk it. [*Drinks—Aside.*] While I'm about it, I may as well have my whack.

Miss M. [*Aside to Friskly.*] If you think the wine's not strong enough, I'll fetch some brandy.

Frisk. No, no—this will do!—[*Aside.*] Confound him, he'll get drunk in earnest. [*Kicks Jacob under the table, and pantomimes him to pretend to be drunk.*

Jac. [*Aside.*] All right—I know.—[*Aloud.*] Eh? [*Puts his hand to his head.*] What is the matter? the room's going round—hallo! stop! you'll be upset. [*Pours out wine and drinks.*] Where is the prisoner? Oh, all right. [*Gets up and seizes Miss M.'s hand.*] Come along—let's be off. [*Reeling.*] Steady, old boy, steady! Eh? I beg your pardon, marm—I mistook you for a gentleum, ha! ha! [*Aside to Friskly.*] Aynt I doing it prime, sir—what shall I do next? [*Friskly tells him to sit down, and pretend to go to sleep.*] I know.—[*Aloud.*] Come along—stop—it's *fullish* to leave so much wine in the decanter—I'll have one more glass. [*Staggers to table, sits down,* R. C., *drinks and yawns.*] I'm uncommon sleepy. Prisoner, take another glass—[*Drinks*] very good—uncommon pret-ty tipple. [*Pretends to sleep.*

Miss M. He sleeps, and you are saved. [*Removes wine to closet.*] Not a moment is to be lost: take a hackney coach, and fly.

Frisk. No; roads are watched—costume too eccentric—must stay here till nightfall—conceal me somewhere—the garret—coal-hole—anywhere—

Miss M. No, you'll be safer out of the house—there is a hay-loft over the stables—

Frisk. A thousand thanks—lead on, bright excellence, I am your slave.

Miss M. [*Aside.*] What moving incidents for my new tragedy.

Jac. [*Snoring and muttering.*] Eh? Gently—gently!

[*Exeunt Miss M. and Friskly,* R., *melo-dramatically.*

Jac. [*After watching them.*] Off! ha! ha! they're off! what a lark! I wish she hadn't taken the wine away. I should have liked another glass. She keeps it in that cupboard—I'll help myself—[*Goes to closet and brings out wine*]—capital good—I wonder what the devil the gentleman will want me to do next—he is the curiest chap I ever met with—here's his very good health—he gave me a sovereign, and told me to pretend to get drunk—[*Drinks*]—and damme if I don't think I've done it—I certainly am a little snuffy—never mind, it's all in my day's work. Says the gentleman, "do what I tell you." "Yes, sur," says I. "Pretend to be drunk," says he. "Yes, sur," says I, and werry well I does it, ha! ha! only I think I've

got a trifle beyond the mark—never mind, what's the odds, as long as you're happy. This ere place is very snug and comfortable—I shall stay here 'till I'm wanted—and as my being here is nothing to nobody, I shall shut the door and keep myself to myself. [*Shuts himself in closet in* L. F.

Enter PIPPIN, L., *with a quantity of books.*

Pip. [*Putting books on table.*] Well, I think I've got her enough for a month at least—there's "Flirtation," "Marriage"—there's "Separation" and "Reparation"—there's "London Assurance," there's "Sam Patch," there's "Night and Morning," there's "Ten Thousand a Year," there's the "Maid's Husband," and the "Young Son," for missus; and there's "Rhoderick Random," and "Tristram Shandy Gent.," for Sally; and here's "Pelham" for myself, 'cos Jack Sheppard's been kept by a young gentleman as is going to finish his eddication at Newgate. Now, that's done, I've nothing more to do till supper time, unless missus wants to chivey me somewhere else, which I dare say she will. [*Looking round.*] The keys still in the door—I've a great mind to have another spoonful of jam; nobody 'll know nuffin—I'll venture. [*Opens closet, sees Jacob, recoils in alarm and shuts door,—locks door.*] Eh! goshy gollikins—a policeman—I'll be off.

[*Going,* L.

Enter SALLY, *who seizes him by the collar.*

Oh, pray let me go—I'll never steal any more—you said I should be found out—let me go, I'll never steal any more. There's a policeman in the closet.

Jac. [*Within.*] Hallo! hallo! open the door!

Sal. [*Astonished and still holding him.*] A policeman!

Pip. Yes, yes, for me—for me—the jam! the jam!—I've been at it again, and he's come for me—I'll never touch nuffin again—[*Struggling.*]—let me go—let me go.

[*Runs off,* L.

Jac. [*Within, knocking at door.*] Come, I say, no nonsense—let me out, or I'll break open the door—once—twice—[*Crash of China is heard—Jacob breaks open door, and advances with a basin on his head.*

Sal. Why, it's the Boots at the Swan disguised in blue and liquor.

Jac. [*Singing.*] "Meet me by moonlight alone"—I'm

just ripe for a spree—Ha! there's a petticoat! Sarvent, my love—why, no—yes—it is—the young 'ooman who brought the little Billy for Mr. Piggins this morning—how do you do, my darling—you don't recollect me, I suppose—I'm Jacob Earwig—the Boots at the Swan—no, no, I forgot—I'm number eleventeen of the X Y Z division of the police—[*Flourishes bottle*]—here's my peacemaker.

Sal. There's something strange going on; what are you doing there?

Jac. Beer!—I scorns it—I've been astonishing your missus—Sherry—tol de rol—let's have a dance.

Sal. [*Pushing him away.*] Be quiet, or I'll call murder. Why are you here? and what is the meaning of this disguise?

Jac. Ha! ha! I've borrowed this toggery from Jim Bonnets, the policeman—he got drunk at our bar, and as I wanted a policeman's dress, I undressed him, and put him to bed in our pigstye—tol de rol de riddle. [*Sings.*] Give us a kiss, my darling.

Sal. Keep away, you drunken wretch.—[*Aside.*] I'm getting frightened—our house is lonely—Boots aint always honest—the last Boots at the Swan was transported, perhaps this one is as bad—a pair of bad Boots—I dare say he belongs to the old gang, and is going to rob and murder us—I'll keep an eye on his proceedings.

[*Exit*, R., *unperceived by Jacob.*

Jac. That's one of the nicest gals I ever seed; I must make up to her. Well, this are the rummest business I ever engaged in—I can't understand it—first I'm to go, then I'm to stay—and then I'm to be—hang me, if I aint quite bothered—I'll have another glass of Sherry, just to brighten me up a bit. [*Goes to closet.*

Enter Friskly, R.

Frisk. What can have become of that deaf rascal? I fear he will get drunk in earnest, and mar my plot, weak and romantic as she is—she seems to regard me with suspicion—I must put him on his guard. [*Seeing him.*] Hallo! what are you doing there?

Jac. Hallo! where did you spring from?—what's the row?

Frisk. Come here, I want to explain. [*Takes him forward, whispers and pantomimes extravagantly.*

Enter SALLY, *on tip-toe.*

Sal. Just as I thought—there's the pretended policeman confabbing with the other that shammed to be running away from him, as thick as thieves. I was right, they are a couple of housebreakers. I'll run and tell missus—Oh, yes.—Housebreakers! housebreakers! housebreakers! [*Exit*, C.

Frisk. [*Aside.*] Here's a piece of luck—that prying piece of kitchen stuff has watched, and mistakes us for housebreakers—the credulous, romantic mistress will readily swallow the marvellous intelligence—I'll change my plan of attack.

Enter PIPPIN, MISS MOONSHINE, BETTY, *and* SALLY.

Sal. There, mum—see, there are two of 'em now—I'm sure they are ruffians, come to rob and murder us.

Miss M. It's Mr. Thingame, the convict, the gentleman without a name, and the policeman I made tipsy. Why are they together?

Sal. They are settling how we are to be got rid of—

Frisk. [*To Jacob.*] In the first place, we must secure the footman. [*Draws his finger across his throat—Jacob nods.*

Pip. [*Alarmed.*] Oh, goshy gollikins!

Sal. There, there, marm, wasn't I right? they are *incendiaries.*

Frisk. Then for the cook and housemaid!

[*Whispers to Jacob, who assents.*

Cook. Oh, heavens!

Sally. Oh, goodness gracious! Cook, *we* shall be the principal victims!

Frisk. As for the old lady—

Sally. That's you, ma'am. [*Friskly whispers to Jacob, who assents.*

Miss M. Oh, the wretch!

Frisk. I will take care of the young lady. Then we'll collect the plate, and be off.

Hig. Well, this is the strangest—

Frisk. [*Coming from under table. In a whisper.*] Hush! follow me—this way! [*Exit*, L

Miss M. Oh, I shall faint! Hold me, Sally—

Sally. I can't, ma'am. All my limbs are taken insensible. [*Leans against Cook.*

Cook. No, no—I'm insensible too! [*Leans against Pippin.*

Pip. No, no, don't—for I'm a-going. [*A loud ringing is heard at the gate—All start.*

Sally. There's the rest of the gang!

Frisk. Who the devil's that? We must get out of the way. [*Motions to Jacob to conceal himself under the table.*

Miss M. Conceal yourselves. [*All hide. Friskly and Jacob under table, Sally and Cook in window curtains, Pippin in the closet, Miss M. behind sofa. Bell is heard again—after a short pause, Higgins enters,* L.

Frisk. [*Aside—looking from under the table.*] Oh, you fool! you'll ruin the plot! [*Making signs to attract his attention.*

Miss M. Why, it's Emily's lover, Mr. Higgins. Oh, if I could but inform him of our danger! [*Makes signs to Higgins.*

Hig. On reflection, I feel that it would be dishonourable to obtain Emily by means of a deception practised on her sister. I will, therefore, confess my intended imposition, and renew my suit on fair terms. Very strange there should be nobody to—

Miss M. [*Peeps over the sofa, points mysteriously to table, and speaks in a whisper.*] Hush!

Hig. [*Astonished.*] Eh? what?

Sally. [*Putting her head out from the curtains, and imitating Miss M.*] Hush!

Hig. What?

Betty [*Imitating Sally.*] Hush!

Hig. Eh?

Pip. [*Looking out of closet.*] Hush!

Hig. Why, what the—

Frisk. [*Putting his head out from under table and pointing to Miss M.*] Hush! [*Jacob imitates—Friskly pulls him back.*

Hig. What the deuce is going on here?

Miss M. Follow me this way. [*Goes off cautiously on tiptoe, followed by Sally, Betty, and Pippin—each making a separate exit.*

Jac. [*Looking out.*] Eh? he's off! I suppose I'd better follow. [*Creeps off* L., *pantomiming to Higgins.*

Hig. What on earth is the meaning of all this? Are they all mad, or is it the result of Friskly's scheme? I'll have it explained at once. [*Going* R., *meets Sally, who enters mysteriously.*

Sally. Hush! [*Looks round in great alarm—(particularly at the table)—puts a blunderbuss (which she brings on behind her) and a note into Higgins' hand.*] Take *that,* and *read* that, and act like a Roman hero!

[*Steals off mysteriously,* R.

Hig. Well, of all the mysterious affairs—[*Opens note and reads.*] "There are thieves in the house. Fire the inclosed under the table, while I alarm the neighbourhood. Yours, in an agony of terror—CECILIA MOONSHINE. Excuse haste in loading the blunderbuss. I'm afraid it is a little too full." Ha! ha! ha! This is Friskly's plot. Too bad, upon my life! [*A loud noise heard* R., *Miss Moonshine, Betty, Sally, and Pippin calling for help—"Murder—thieves!"—with a watchman's rattle, and a large bell.—N. B.—The alarm is kept up until the entrance of Miss M.*] Eh? Zounds, the whole village will be up in arms!

Enter EMILY, L. U. E.

Emi. Good heavens! what is the matter? [*Sees Higgins.*] Henry! why are you here? why this alarm? what has happened? [*Clinging to him.*

Hig. Be composed, dearest—there is nothing to fear—a frolic of a friend of mine—

Enter FRISKLY, *hastily,* L.

Frisk. Confound it, the whole country will be roused! We shall be taken into custody. Why the devil didn't you wait until I sent for you? You've ruined all! [*A loud shout is heard without,* L., *and voices calling "Follow, follow! Bring him along!"*] Confound it! I must run for it—[*Going to window,* R., *is met by Policemen and Villagers. Miss Moonshine, Sally, Betty, and Pippin enter* R., *armed with poker, broom, &c. Jacob is dragged on by Villagers,* L. *Tableau.*

Miss M. Propitious powers, we are preserved! Oh,

Mr. Higgins, I know not how to express my gratitude. But for your opportune visit—[*Shuddering*]—what would have been our fate?

Pip. I was to have been—[*Draws finger across his throat.*] Oh, goshy gollikins!

Sally. And cook and I—oh, goodness gracious—awful! [*Goes up, and gets round to* L.

Hig. [*Aside.*] Friskly has gone too far—I must explain. Madam, your kindness overwhelms me, for with shame I confess that I have been the cause of all your annoyances.

Miss M. [*Astonished.*] Mr. Higgins!

Frisk. Oh, you fool! [*Holds out his hand threateningly to Higgins—Jacob imitates.*

Jac. I'll punch your head! [*Villagers hold his arm.*

Hig. Yes, madam, you have been imposed upon. The persons in custody are not robbers, but agents of mine in a plot to gain your consent to my marriage with your sister. Despair prompted me to connive at a dishonourable act, but reflection has opened my eyes to the enormity of my conduct, and I have hastened to make amends.

Frisk. Well, of all the born idiots—Never ask me to get you out of a scrape again! [*Shakes his head, and holds up his hands deprecatingly.*

Jac. [*Imitating the action, grotesquely.*] I'm ashamed o'ye, Mr. Piggins—you ought to have knowed better—I'm ashamed o'ye. [*Aside to Friskly.*] Wot has he done, sur? [*Friskly motions him to hold his tongue.*

Miss M. [*Sarcastically.*] A very lucid and pleasant explanation. So, after your friends have turned me into ridicule, and frightened me out of my wits, I am to accept your polite apology, and generously give you the hand of my sister, as a reward for your nobleness and candour.

Hig. Oh, madam, spare your reproaches. I feel that my indiscretion has deprived me of all hope. I will no longer intrude. Farewell, dearest Emily! I must resign you to one more worthy— [*Going,* L.

Miss M. Stay—one word more. Youthful affections should not be blighted. You love each other—"'Tis but thy name that is mine enemy"—I'll be magnanimous. [*Joining their hands melo-dramatically.*] Take her, Higgins.

Hig. Dearest Emily! [*Embraces Emily—Friskly em-*

braces Sally—Jacob embraces Betty—Pippin, finding nobody to embrace, goes into closet and steals a spoonful of jam—Miss M. assumes a melo-dramatic attitude.

Pip. How nice!

Sally. Ha' done, do!

Betty. Well, I'm sure!

Hig. Madam, this generosity—

Em. Dearest sister!

Miss. M. Well, well—I am glad to make you happy. "Live in a palace lifting to eternal heavens!" Now may I beg an introduction to your friends!

Frisk. [*Advancing.*] Permit me to name myself. I am—

Miss M. Mr. ——, the prize of the Art Union.

Frisk. Oh, madam, forgive a harmless frolic. I am Frank Friskly, Captain of Dragoons on half pay; a thoughtless scapegrace—always ready to volunteer on any service that may benefit his friends or his country. No objection to a flit to Gretna with an heiress, or a trip to India with the "Caboul Avengers"—and should *you* at any time require my assistance in any civil capacity, I am an affectionate brother, a discreet cousin, a respectable godfather, and the most devoted lover in her majesty's service.

Miss M. You are very kind. I will bear in mind your manifold good qualities. [*Looking at Jacob.*] But the other gentleman, in the police uniform, is he also a dragoon officer?

Frisk. [*Laughing.*] No, madam, he—is—[*Pantomimes to Jacob to tell his name, &c.*

Miss. M. Some distinguished personage, I've no doubt.

Jac. Yes, marm—I'm the "Boots at the Swan!"

Miss M. The Boots at the Swan! Ha, ha, ha!

Hig. Yes, madam, but I—

Frisk. Don't say another word—all is arranged. You have gained your wife—I have made the *amende honourable*, and nothing is wanting to finish the affair with eclat—[*To audience*]—but your approbation for our mutual friend—[*Pantomiming to Jacob.*]

Jac. [*To Audience.*] "THE BOOTS AT THE SWAN."

THE END.

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